Come in, Will

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Come in, Will

by Silvaxus

Summary

22. Distention / Telepathy / **Crying**

The mind of a new killer takes a toll on Will.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal was standing aside while the FBI agents were buzzing around him like bees with Jack barking orders while everyone was waiting for Will to do his trick. That they called it a trick always made Hannibal clench his teeth to keep himself from saying something rude.

It was neither a trick nor magic but the strength of Will's beautiful mind and Hannibal had told Will already that he considered his gift wasted while working for the FBI.

Will's answer, along with a small smile while leaned against Hannibal's chest, was a whisper.

"I know, but I can help to keep you, us, safe like this."

Hannibal was stunned into silence at Will's declaration that was beyond love and held him close.

Watching Will today reminded Hannibal of Will's words and it made watching over him a bit easier on Hannibal.

When it had been Hannibal's Bentley rolling up at the crime scene it had startled a few people from the FBI but Will's clipped answer "We were having lunch when you called" made everyone shut up. Most considered the two of them too different to mingle with others and that they stuck together seemed only natural to them. They had no idea how close they were to each other.

Hannibal was waiting with his hands in his pockets, mind empty and relaxed when he saw Will stagger back.

He moved in Will's direction before others even reacted to Will's movement.

Will was still walking backwards, shivering and shaking, and Hannibal reached him just in time to keep Will from collapsing onto the ground.

He caught Will around the shoulders and held him against his chest, shielding Will from prying stares while tears streamed down his face.

It shocked Hannibal down to his very core to see Will so upset and something dark and sinister raised its head faced with Will's distress.

Tears were still running down Will's face while he clawed at Hannibal's chest, a distressed whimper shaking his body even more.

"Will...Will, talk to me."

Hearing people come closer to them, Hannibal turned around and gave Jack something Will could call a death glare. The FBI agent stopped dead in his tracks and frowned at Will but Hannibal shook his head while turning back to Will.

“There is no art in this, it’s a waste...he wanted to see them die in pain, all of them and...he was aroused by it. Not just pleased by his work but…”

Will stopped speaking and gagged loudly, Hannibal was sure that there was more to this killer than what Will had told him and he would make sure that Will would tell him everything.

The darkness in Hannibal’s mind, the Ravenstag as Will liked to call it, was ready to maim and kill, but before this could happen, Will needed their help.

“Will, look at me.”

Will was still shaking and so Hannibal had to force Will to look up, tears a salty wetness on Will’s face and his blue eyes were distressed while Will was still connected to the other killer’s mind.

“Will, let go of the one without aesthetics and beauty. Come to me, come in, Will. You are always welcome in my mind.”

When Hannibal had forced Will to look into his eyes, Will had been tense and was about to fight...but when he walked into Hannibal’s mind, the cold and rational mind of the Chesapeake Ripper, Will calmed down.

His face was still wet with tears but a mask was pulled over his face and when Will blinked, Hannibal felt like he was staring into a mirror. His own mind was staring back at him from behind cold blue eyes.

Allowing himself to cross a shaky line in the sand, Hannibal licked a tear off Will’s face who was still mostly hidden from others thanks to Hannibal.

Will blinked again but Hannibal could still see the Ripper’s mind reflecting in his eyes. But he knew that no one else would see it.

“Are you okay for the moment, Will?”

Will nodded and Hannibal saw himself in the elegant movement.

“Yes, thank you for your help, Hannibal.”

Together they looked at the grotesque picture of the crime scene.

A family of seven ripped apart by a yet unknown weapon, but Will knew, he always knew, and their limbs and bodies were scattered all over the place. Blind eyes staring into the grey sky while crows screamed and cawed, waiting for their feast.

This killer was a mindless monster, killing for the act of hurting others, and without a purpose.

When Will looked back at Hannibal, he could still see himself reflected in Will’s eyes.

Something beautiful and to cherish.

They both knew that this killer would face the Chesapeake Ripper soon.

Several days later…

Will stood over the ripped apart body of the man who had killed several families over the last days. Something Will knew but not the FBI.

There was blood...everywhere.

The man's face was a mask of stark horror and he died a painful death while his insides had been wrapped around him like a macabre blanket. His liver was missing and a bloody smile had been forced into his face.

The man's death had been slow, painful and showed him the true meaning of fear.

It was a good thing that no one was standing next to Will, because he was smiling at such a cruel crime scene.

He hadn't seen Hannibal this morning but it was easy for Will to walk into the Ripper's mind and Hannibal knew this...and never objected when Will had to do it. Hannibal's clear mind of the Ripper became Will's rock in the storm when other killers became too much.

Forcing himself to stop smiling, Will turned around and started to walk in the direction of his car.

"It's the Ripper, Jack."

Will still remembered the salt of his own ears on Hannibal's lips when they were finally on their own days ago.

A storm cloud grew over Jack's head. He didn't believe Will.

"This hardly looks like a Ripper scene, Will. Too much carnage for this to be the Ripper."

Shrugging, Will looked at Jack with the Ripper in his eyes but the agent was too blind to see it.

"The liver is missing and normally I would agree, but this was the Ripper, Jack, and he left a message with this scene as well."

Will felt a dark kind of satisfaction, it came from Hannibal's mind, when Jack seemed to be fuming at Will's words.

"And why the sudden change in brutality?"

Shrugging again, Will turned away from Jack. He wanted to go home and see Hannibal.

“Because someone had dared to lay hands on something the Ripper considers his. I wouldn’t be surprised when you find out that this guy killed the families we found over the last days.”

Will went in too deep into Hannibal’s mind, he knew, but he didn’t care. Hannibal would make sure that he would come back into his own mind too...with Hannibal’s help.

End Notes

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